

A brace of Dray-men bid God speed him well,  
And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With thanks my Countrymen, my loving friends,  
As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects next degree in hope.

*Gr.* Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts:  
Now for the Rebels, which stand out in Ireland,  
Expedient manage must be made my Liege,  
Ere further leysure, yeeld them further meanes  
For their aduantage, and your Highnesse losse.

*Ric.* We will our selfe in person to this warre,  
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,  
And liberall Largesse, are growne somewhat light,  
We are inforc'd to farne our royall Realme,  
The Reuennew whereof shall furnish vs  
For our assayres in hand: if that come short  
Our Substitutes at home shall haue Blanket-charters:  
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,  
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,  
And send them after to supply our wants:  
For we will make for Ireland presently.

*Enter Bushy.*

*Bushy*, what newes?

*Bu.* Old *John of Gaunt* is verie sicke my Lord,  
Sodainly taken, and hath sent post haste  
To entreat your Maiesty to visit him.

*Ric.* Where lyes he?

*Bu.* At Ely house.

*Ric.* Now put it (heaven) in his Physitians minde,  
To helpe him to his graue immediately:  
The lining of his coffers shall make Coates  
To decke our souldiers for these Irish warres.  
Come Gentlemen, let's all go visit him:  
Pray heauen we may make hast, and come too late. *Exit.*

### Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Gaunt, sicke with Torke.*

*Gau.* Will the King come, that I may breath my last  
In wholsome counsell to his vnstaid youth?

*Tor.* Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breth,  
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

*Gau.* Oh but (they say) the tongues of dying men  
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;  
Where words are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,  
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.  
He that no more must say, is list'n'd more,  
Then they whom youth and ease haue taught to glose,  
More are mens ends mark'd, then their liues before,  
The setting Sun, and Musicke is the close  
As the last taste of sweetes, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance, more then things long past;  
Though *Richard* may liues counsell would not heare,  
My death's sad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.

*Tor.* No, it is stop't with other flatt'ring sounds  
As praises of his state: then there are found  
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound  
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen,  
Report of fashions in proud Italy,  
Whose manners still our rardie apish Nation  
Limpes after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,  
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares:  
That all too late comes counsell to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:  
Direct not him, whose way himselfe will choose,  
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

*Gau.* Me thinks I am a Prophet new inspir'd,  
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,  
His rash fierce blaze of Riot cannot last,  
For violent fires soone burne out themselves,  
Small showres last long, but sodaine stormes are short,  
He tyres betimes, that spurs too fast betimes,  
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:  
Light vanity, inflateth cormorant,  
Consuming meanes soone preys vpon it selfe.

This royall Throne of Kings, this sceptred Isle,  
This earth of Maiesty, this seat of Mars,  
This other Eden, demy paradise,  
This Fortresse built by Nature for her selfe,  
Against infection, and the hand of warre;  
This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone, set in the siluer sea,  
Which serues it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a Moate defensive to a house,

Against the enuy of lesse happier Lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,  
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,  
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,  
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,  
For Christian seruice, and true Chualtrie,  
As is the sepulcher in slubberdome *Iury*  
Of the Worlds ranfome, blessed *Maries* Sonne.

This Land of such deere soules, this deere-deere Land,  
Deere for her reputation through the world,  
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)  
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.  
England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
Whose rocky shore beates backe the enuious sledge  
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
With Inky blotches, and rotten Parchment bonds.

That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe,  
Ah! would the scandall vanish with my life,  
How happy then were my ensuing death?

*Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Bushy, Greene,  
Bago, Ros, and Willoughby.*

*Tor.* The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,  
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

*Qu.* How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

*R.* What comfort man? How ist with aged *Gaunt*?

*Ga.* Oh how that name befits my composition:  
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Within me greefe hath kept a tedious fast,  
And who abstaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?

For sleeping England long time haue I watcht,  
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt.

The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,  
Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens looks,

And therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:  
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,

Whose hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.  
*Ric.* Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

*Gau.* No, misery makes sport to mocke it selfe:  
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

*Ric.* Should dying men flatter those that liue?

*Gau.* No, no, men liuing flatter those that dye.

*Ric.* Thou now a dying, sayst thou flatter'st me.

*Gau.* Oh no, thou dyest, though I the sicker be.

*Ric.* I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

*Gau.* Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill:

Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee, seeing ill,  
Thy death-bed is no lesse then the Land,  
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,  
And thou too care-lesse patient as thou art,  
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure  
Of those Physitians, that first wounded thee,  
A thousand flatterers sit within thy Crowne,  
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,  
And yet incaged in so small a Verge,  
The waste is no whit lesse then thy Land:  
Oh had thy Grandfere with a Prophets eye,  
Scene how his sonnes sonne, should destroy his sonnes,  
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy shame,  
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,  
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.  
Why (Cousin) were thou Regent of the world,  
It were a shame to let his Land by lease:  
But for thy world enioying but this Land,  
Is it not more then shame, to shame it so?  
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:  
Thy state of Law, is bondslau to the law,  
And—

*Ric.* And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,  
Presuming on an Agues priuledge,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheekes, chafing the Royall blood  
With fury, from his natieue residence?  
Now by my Seates right Royall Maiestie,  
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,  
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,  
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

*Gau.* Oh spare me not, my brothers *Edwards* sonne,  
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:  
That blood already (like the Pellican)  
Thou hast rapt out, and drunkenly carow'd.  
My brother Gloucester, plaine well meaning soule  
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongst happy soules)  
May be a president, and witnesse good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood:  
Ioyne with the present sicknesse that I haue,  
And thy vnkindnesse be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.  
Liue in thy shame, but dye not shame with thee,  
These words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.  
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,  
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*

*Ric.* And let them dye, that age and fullens haue,  
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

*Tor.* I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words  
To wayward sicknesse, and age in him:  
Heloues you on my life, and holds you deere  
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

*Ric.* Right, you say true: as *Herfords* loue, so his;  
As theirs, so mine: and all be as it is.

*Enter Northumberland.*

*Tor.* My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your  
Maiestie.

*Rich.* What sayes he?

*Nor.* Nay nothing, all is said:

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

*Tor.* Be *Yorke* the next, that must be bankrupt so,  
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

*Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he,  
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:  
So much for that. Now for our Irish warres,  
We must supplant those rough rug-headed Kernes,  
Which liue like venom, where no venom else  
But onely they, haue priuledge to liue.  
And for these great assayres do aske some charge  
Towards our assistance, we do seize to vs  
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,  
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did haue posselt.

*Tor.* How long shall I be patient? Oh how long  
Shall tender dutie make me suffer wrong?  
Not *Glousters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,  
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,  
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,  
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace  
Haue euer made me sowe my patient cheekes,  
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:  
I am the last of noble *Edwards* sonnes,  
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first,  
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:  
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,  
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,  
His face thou hast, for euen so look'd he  
Accomplish'd with the number of thy howers:  
But when he frown'd, it was against the French,  
And not against his friends: his noble hand  
Did win what he did spend: and spent not that  
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:  
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,  
But bloody with the enemies of his kione:  
Oh *Richard*, *Torke* is too farre gone with greefe,  
Or else he neuer would compare betwene.

*Rich.* Why Vncle,  
What's the matter?

*Tor.* Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please, if not  
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:  
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands  
The Royalties and Rights of banish'd *Herford*?  
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?  
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?  
Did not the one deserue to haue an hoyre?  
Is not his heyre a well-deseruing sonne?  
Take *Herfords* rights away, and take from time  
His Charters, and his customarie rights:  
Let not to morrow then insue to day,  
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King  
But by faire sequence and succession?  
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,  
If you do wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,  
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath  
By his Atturneyes general, to sue  
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,  
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,  
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,  
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts  
Which honor and allegiance cannot thinke.

*Ric.* Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

*Tor.* Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,  
c3 What